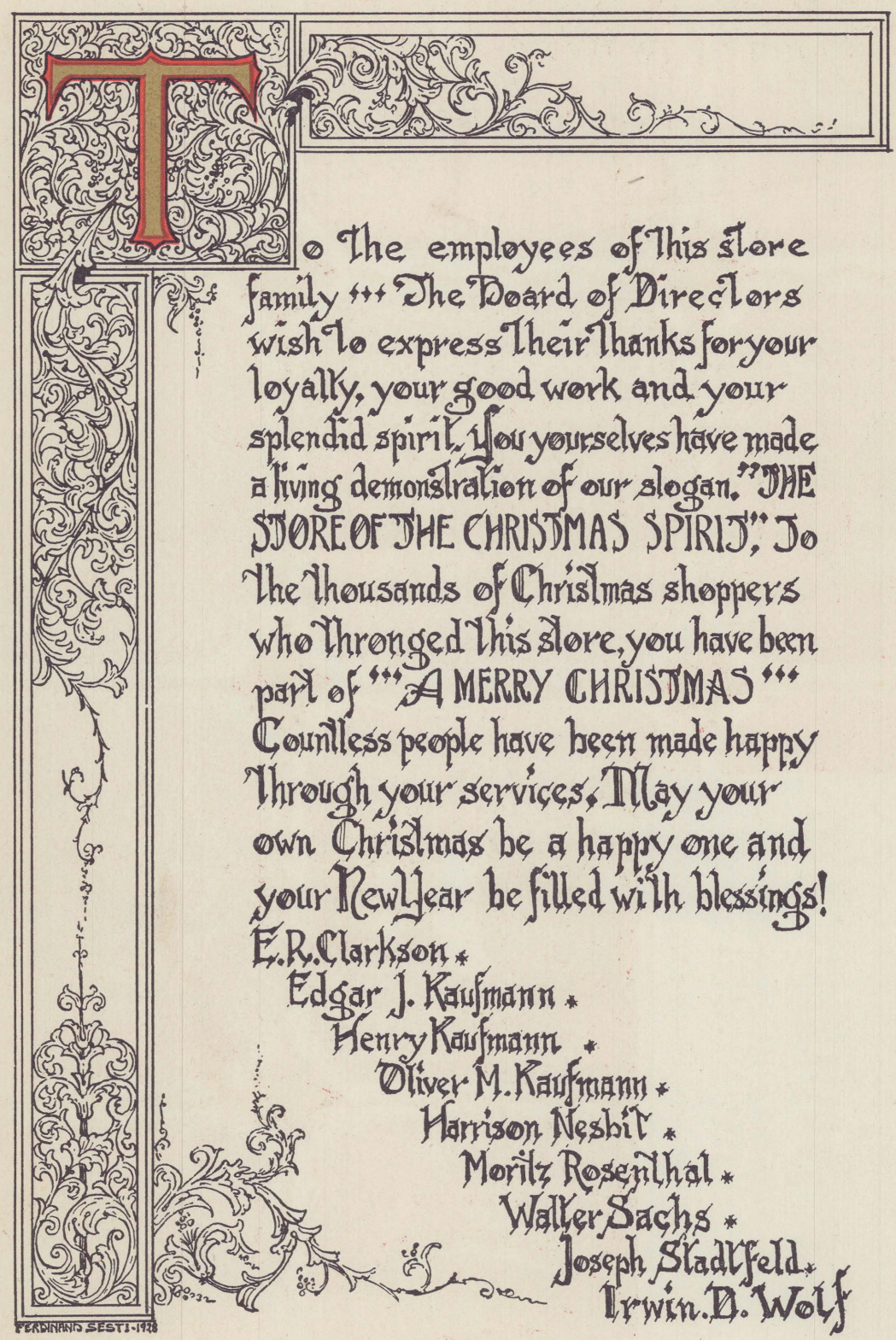
from
The Storagram
Kaufmann's
Fifth Avenue Pittsburgh


To the employees of this store
family ••• The Board of Directors
wish to express their thanks for your
loyalty, your good work and your
splendid spirit. You yourselves have made
a living demonstration of our slogan. "THE
STORE OF THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT." To
the thousands of Christmas shoppers
who thronged this store, you have been
part of "••• A MERRY CHRISTMAS •••"
Countless people have been made happy
through your services. May your
own Christmas be a happy one and
your New Year be filled with blessings!
E. R. Clarkson *
Edgar J. Kaufmann *
Henry Kaufmann *
Oliver M. Kaufmann *
Harrison Nesbit *
Moritz Rosenthal *
Walter Sachs *
Joseph Stadtfeld *
Irwin D. Wolf
FERDINAND SESTI-1928

THE STORAGRAM

Published bi-monthly by and for the Fellow-workers of Kaufmann's,
Printed and bound in our own printing shop.

VOL. IX PITTSBURGH, PA., DECEMBER, 1928 NO. 9

The Modern Christmas

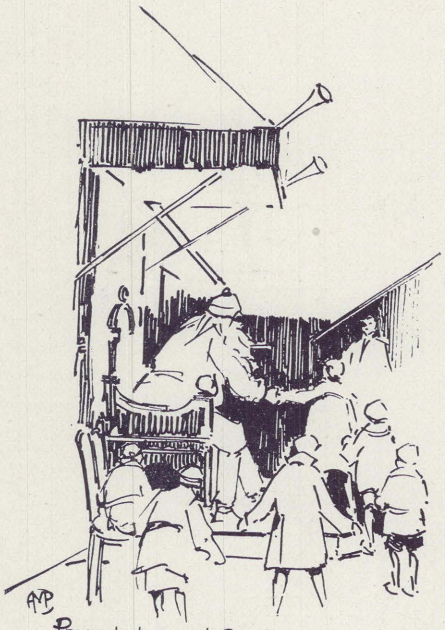
IF there has been any outstanding movement in this year of grace, 1928, it has been the spirit of modernity. The past twelve months have brought to a culmination the trend toward modern art and architecture, modern furniture and decoration, and above all a modern feeling which is hard to define but which has most certainly pervaded our manner of living, of thinking, of dressing—our entire attitude toward life. It is an attitude characterized by a clean-cut economy of line, of space and of thought; by a casting aside of all out-worn forms; by a freshness of outlook and by an effort to accommodate this attitude itself to life in a busy, crowded and forceful age.

Assuredly it has also entered this store and, therefore, has become of real import to you and to me who spend a large part of our lives within it. It has affected not only our sales and window displays, our type of advertising and a considerable portion of our merchandise, but it has also become a part of our sales manner, of putting ourselves and our wares "across". The modern customer, purchasing modern merchandise expects modern salesmanship, and a modern man or woman behind it. He or she wants quick and accurate service, concise and clean-cut transactions, an economy of time and space still characterized by the feeling of real charm and harmonious beauty that make modern art and modern furniture such pleasant things with which to live. It does not imply hurry or brusqueness. There is not a sense of broken line or ungracious finish in modern art—only that vivid, alert and fresh viewpoint which will certainly be the spirit of 1929—the spirit of youth.

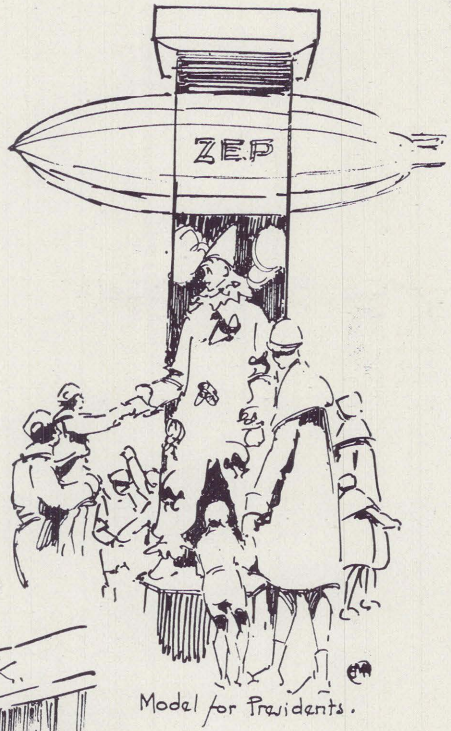
Alone, of all these modern things that surround and influence us, is the old spirit of Christmas tide which nothing ever changes—the same spirit of good will, of friendly giving, of peace and kindliness. All these I wish you as of old from the bottom of my heart. May an old-fashioned Christmas and a modern New Year unite to bring to you the happiest of holiday seasons.

Edgar J. Kaufmann

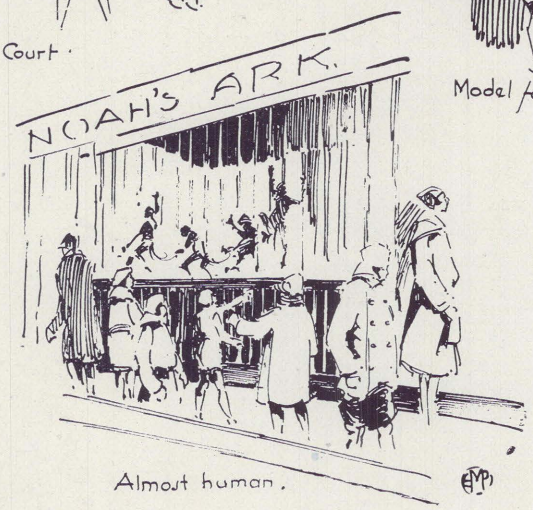
Dramatic Scenes in Toyland



Presentation at Court.



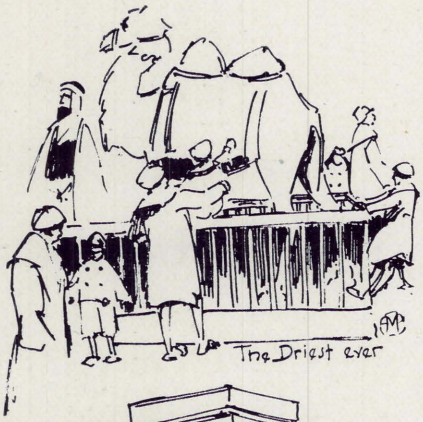
Model for Presidents.



Almost human.

In the midst of the Toyland throngs, on a recent Saturday afternoon, a distinguished artist stood sketching. Troops of children, crowding to shake hands with Santa Claus, jostled him. Throngs of customers sometimes blocked the scene he was trying to sketch. But that did not dismay him. With patience and with keen delight he worked away, catching the spirit of Toyland. Here, he declared, was the very essence of the Christmas spirit! The artist who did these dramatic sketches is Professor Eugene Metour, of the University of Pittsburgh.

Sketched by Professor Métour



Professor Metour is an architect. He has designed buildings and bridges, but he has a keen eye and a warm heart for scenes of human interest, as well as for beauty. He was intrigued by the happy children and the gay flurry of Toyland. The roaring of the lion and chug-chug of toy railroads mingled with the endless wail of the "mama dolls' and the children's squeals of delight. And the grouping of the youngsters around their favorite objects made, so Professor Metour assured us, scenes so delightful that he just had to put them on paper. He presents them to the Storagram with his happy compliments.

Behind the Scenes in Toyland

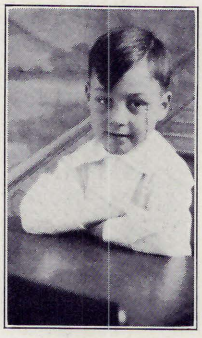
It takes a lot of brains and brawn to keep up that lovely myth about good old Santa Claus! Witness the group above who have charge of the Toy Stock Room over in the North Side Service Station. When you visit Toyland on the ninth floor and see rows upon rows of immaculate dolls, battalions of spic-and-span toy soldiers, oceans of fragile tree ornaments displayed in p r i m e condition, electric trains in faultless operation, toy automobiles all ready for the speedway—when you see all this, you little dream of the work which made it possible. Over in the Toy Stock Rooms, many of the Toys have to be assembled. All the wheel goods and some other toys require the skilled work of the "assemblers" to put them in shape for the selling floor. Toys follow very closely the trends of the times. As each years sees new inventions in the realm of grown-ups, clever toy designers come along with toy reproductions. This means each Christmas sees a greatly increased showing of new Toys. The very wee-est housekeepers must have their labor saving devices—their toy electric washers and vacuum cleaners, just like mothers; the very youngest speed worshippers must have their toy automobiles built after the latest models. So this holiday season saw an enormous Toy stock, and called for an efficient staff to keep it in prime order. Mr. John Trainor must have traveled a good many miles going back and forth from the store to the service station. Mr. Horne, the toy buyer and Mrs. Nugent, assistant, tell us that the work of toy stock staff is fully as important as the work of the selling staff. To the workers in the stock room belongs the responsibility of filling orders quickly, of keeping stock in salable condition, of keeping all things in faultless order, of having every piece correctly marked and priced. Yes, they've been Santa's right hand men, and we congratulate them upon a good job well done!

FREE LEGAL ADVICE TO KAUFMANN FELLOW WORKERS

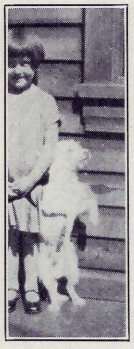
The services of the Legal Aid Bureau, conducted by the Kaufmann Employees Beneficial Association, are at your disposal every Wednesday and Saturday morning, from 9 to 10 A. M. Mr. Amdur the Attorney for the Legal Aid Bureau, has his office on the 10th floor. There is no charge for his advice.

Children of Mr. N. Miller

Baby Gerholdt, a future Kaufmann driver

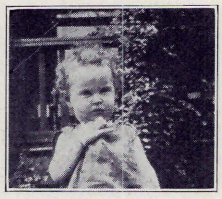


Charles, son of Mrs. Wiemert, of Infants' Department



Rose and Anna Palembo

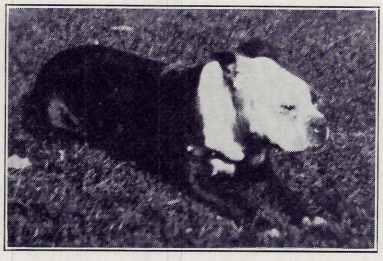
Shirley and Jackie Gottlieb, children of Mr. Gottlieb, of Men's Clothing Department.



Florency, daughter of Mr. Walsh of Forbes St. Service Station

Joseph, son of Mr. Conley, of Forbes St. Service Station

Tessie, niece of Miss Siff, of Silk Dept. Above



Margaret, daughter of Mr. Conley, of Forbes St. Service Station

Home Furnishing Group Celebrates

What did they celebrate? Why, just the fact that they are fellow workers in a group of mighty fine departments! When and where did they celebrate? In the Dining Room on the eleventh floor, on the evening of November fifth. *And How?* First, wtih a good dinner, then with some brief-but-splendid speeches by Mr. E. J. Kaufmann, Mr. I. D. Wolf and Mr. E. P. Warner. Mr. Sefton acted as toastmaster, and a very genial one he makes!

After dinner the party went to the Tea Room and a musical programme disclosed some mighty fine talent. Mrs. Fisher led the group singing, with Mrs. Esler at the piano. There were solos by Mrs. Heidler, Miss Davis, Mrs. Fisher and Mr. Smith of the seventh floor. A lovely five-voice number proved a great treat; and a two-part song by the girls of the seventh and ninth floors was the musical treat of the evening. Mrs. Esler and daughter accompanied this chorus.

Much credit for the success of the evening is due Mrs. Grace Fisher, of the Budget Department, who acted as hostess and musical leader. She was ably assisted by the committee: Miss Maloney, Miss Kirch, Mrs. Henderson, Mr. Johnson and Mr. Ertl.

We Like to Get Letters Like These

DEAR MR. KAUFMANN:

I wish to take this opportunity of expressing my appreciation of the courtesy extended me in every department of your store during my visit to Pittsburgh.

Coming from New York where I have always lived I was surprised and pleased to find your store offered more in variety of merchandise, reasonable prices, pleasant atmosphere, and particularly the efficiency and courtesy of your salespeople, than the majority of New York stores.

My son, Pilot Edward Schultz of Mayer Field, who has taken you on several trips, felt that my great satisfaction in the efficiency of your store should be brought to your attention. I cannot speak too highly of the personal interest your employees take in the customers.

Sincerely

MRS. JOHN W. SCHULTZ,
108 Lembeck Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

GENTLEMEN:

This afternoon I made several purchases in your store, and was impressed with the efficiency and courtesy of the clerks with whom I came in contact.

Most especially do I wish to bring to your attention the excellent service I received from your Mr. Charles D. Fischer, of the Men's Clothing Department, who sold me a fine overcoat. He was attentive, courteous, kind and thoroughly well acquainted with his stock, and not disagreeably urgent in his efforts to make a sale. I consider him one of the best clothing salesmen I ever met, and think you should be informed of the good impression he made.

Kaufmann's has always been Pittsburgh's best store, in my opinion, and today's pleasant shopping experience strengthened my previous high regard for the store. Cordially yours,

CHARLES K. REINKE, M. D.
Ass't Medical Examiner, Pennsylvania R. R.

The Storagram

Published Bi-monthly

ADELAIDE C. HUNTER, EDITOR

Associate Editors

MARIE A. MALONEY JOSEPH M. MEYERS

Artists—FERDINAND SESTI AND ISABEL SCHROCK

Christmas Eve

Oh hush thee, little Dear-my-soul.
The evening shades are falling,
Hush thee, my dear, dost thou not hear
The voice of Master calling?
Deep lies the snow upon the earth,
But all the sky is ringing
With joyous song, and all night long
The stars shall dance with singing.
Oh hush thee, little Dear-my-soul,
And close thine eyes in dreaming.
The angels fair shall lead thee where
The singing stars are beaming.
A shepherd calls his little lambs,
And He longeth to caress them;
He bids them rest upon His breast,
That his tender love may bless them.
So hush thee, little Dear-my-soul,
Whilst evening shades are falling,
And above the song of the evening throng
Thou shalt hear the Master callings.

EUGENE FIELD

In Memoriam

With deep sorrow we report the death of Mr. William Bluebaugh. A loyal member of this store family since last September, William Bluebaugh will long be missed by his fellow workers at Forbes Street Service Station.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the family of Sylvester Vogel. In the short time that he had been connected with the Forbes St. Service Station, he made many friends there. It is with very great sorrow that we announce the death of this fellow worker.

A Christmas Carol

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas, tonight!
Christmas in lands of the fir-tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of the palm-tree and vine,
Christmas where snow-peaks stand solemn and white,
Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and bright,
Everywhere, everywhere Christmas tonight!
Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,
Christmas where peace, like a dove in its flight,
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight.
Everywhere, everywhere Christmas tonight!
Then let every heart keep its Christmas within,
Christ's pity for sorrow, Christ's hatred for sin,
Christ's care for the weakest, Christ's courage for right,
Christ's dread of the darkness, Christ's love of the light.
Everywhere, everywhere Christmas tonight!
So the stars of the midnight which compass us 'round
Shall see a strange glory, and hear a sweet sound,
And cry, "Look! the earth is a a-flame with delight,
O sons of the morning, rejoice at the sight."
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight.'

PHILLIPS BROOKS

Most of Us Could Profit by This

One of the most futile things in the world is argument.

If you want to persuade anybody, suggest, do not argue.

When you argue with a man you arouse his antagonism; you rarely secure his co-operation.

So, if you want a man to do anything, take any other course than argument.

Specialists in Store Service

Our Floor Superintendents and Floormen

First Row—Messrs. Hook, Steding, Hare, Wagner, Callahan, Protzman.
Second Row—Messrs. Johnson, Heidler, Cavanaugh, Minnich, Mohr, Hannon, Keller, Sauers, Matz.
Third Row—Messers. Rush, Edwards, Kirk, Anthony Graham, Woodmansee, Marshall, O'Donnell, Miss Rogner, Sonneborn, Combs.
Fourth Row—Messrs. Finn, Hanlan, Blackburn, Sexton, Mangold, Miles, Bryson, Riske, Broecker, Armstrong, Stravinsky, Kunzelman, Dinsmore, Greer.

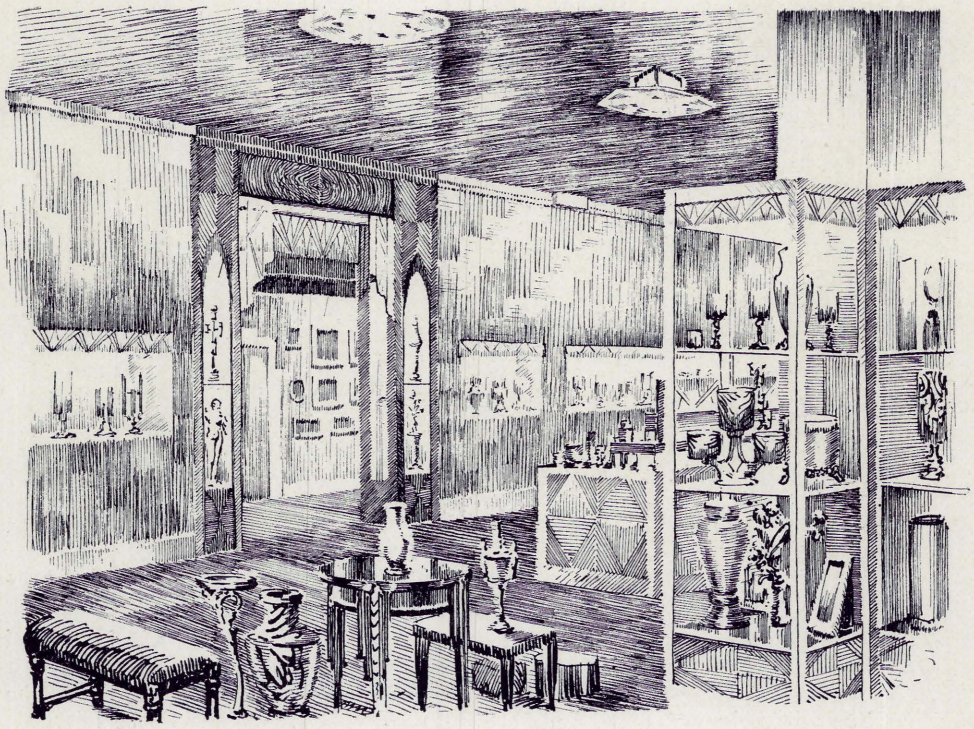
The group in the photograph above, together with the managers of non-selling departments and all others who have to do with that important end of our business which we classify as *service,* were guests of Kaufmann's at a dinner, on November twenty-second. Mr. Meyers was toastmaster. He had some brand new stories to add spice to his speech. Mr. Oliver M. Kaufmann spoke on the subject of co-ordinating all our efforts and co-operating for the best service. Other speakers were Mr. Lickenbaugh, credit manager; Mr. Follet, assistant controller; Mr. Bucher, superintendent of outside service; Mr. Brannigan, manager of the adjustment bureau; Mr. McGhee, buyer of books and president of the buyers' association. The programme was concluded with the presentation of an amusing playlet depicting the tests which are put to service men in the busy holiday season.

Students of Retailing with Us

Front Row—Hazel Putnam, Bessie Rosen, Hope McConnel.

Back Row—Mary Wright, Geraldine Kelly, Jane Carrick, Clara Osgood, Louise Bernard.

From the Retail Research Bureau of the University of Pittsburgh, come Miss Wright, Miss Kelly, Miss Bernard and Miss McConnell. Miss Carrick, Miss Osgood, Miss Putnam and Miss Rosen come from the Prince School for Store Service in Boston. We welcome them to our store family and trust that they are getting from their work here during the busy holiday season a fair amount of experience in return for the services they are rendering us in such busy departments as Books, Stationery, Hosiery, Dolls, Downstairs Store, Toys and Aisle Tables. We wish them success upon their return to their respective schools where they will continue their courses in research and training for store service work.



Have You Visited "The Galleries?"

If you were a visitor in the city, coming from New York or any other out-of-town place, you would certainly visit The Galleries, for you would have learned that here is one of the distinctive, "show places" of Pittsburgh. Being a fellow worker, under the same roof with the new Galleries, perhaps you have visited them. If you have not, we recommend that you do so this very day! You will feel a real thrill of joy, a lightness of spirit as you step into the new gift shop, which changed its name when it changed its make-up. "The Galleries"—a good name that.

It is as though some one had waved a magic wand and transformed the old gift shop into a place of beauty and lovely lightness. Beautifully matched poplar wood, with its delicate grain and silvery sheen, and a clever use of frosted glass in the indirect lighting serve to give the sense of uplifting lightness. Mr. Ferdinand Sesti, artist in the Interior Decorating Studio, is responsible for the original design of the new Galleries. From color sketches of his origination and from plans of his making, the Interior Decorating Studio executed the cherished hopes of Miss Ernestine Trostler, for a "Gift Shop" unlike anything in this country.

Then, our own cabinet makers, under the supervision of Mr. Guckert of the North Side Service Station, did all the fine wood work which gives the Galleries their distinction. Matched poplar is the wood of the walls and upper cases. In contrast, there is the rich American walnut at the bottoms of the cases. To all—Mr. Sesti, the designer; Mr. Stocking and his force in the Interior Decorating; Mr. Guckert and the cabinet makers; Miss Trostler, manager of the Galleries and Miss Patterson, assistant, we extend our congratulations.

"Progress is going forward, with the wisdom of the past, toward the vision of the future."

"Ann Adams" and Her Staff

Front Row—Anna Mella, Ethel Forbes, Isabelle Cunningham, Helen Lambreno, Jose Kurtz, Georgia Korbela, Irene Leonard, Josephine Clarence.

Back Row—Hazel E. Singleton, Marguerite Clark "Ann Adams", Olive McGurk, Anna Verlinich, Irene Sarvas.

Here is an interesting example of the unique service rendered by Ann Adams. Last May, a woman living in Mercer, Pa., paid $5.00 for a phonograph and asked information about records for playing it. When we had given her detailed descriptions of the phonograph and records, she wrote us "they are to be sent to a soldier with the United States Marines in Nicaragua. It will require secure packing to insure safe arrival, as they must go by steamer and from Nicaragua by airplane or mule pack through the jungle into the interior of the country." After assuring her of the careful packing and informing her of charges for expressage, Consular Fees and export duty, the phonograph and records were finally on their way to the Quartermaster of the United States Marine Corps in Philadelphia, from there to be re-consigned to the lone soldier in Nicaragua. This shipment was made about the middle of July.

Almost immediately after this transaction had been completed, our Mercer customer wrote us again for two additional portable victrolas and twelve records for each victrola, to be sent to our soldiers in Nicaragua. Her letter read: "My purpose in sending the phonographs and records is to offer some diversion to the Marines who are living in isolation in the outposts of the jungles." At the time of this writing, the first consignment had just reached Philadelphia to be forwarded to the soldier in Nicaragua. The second consignment went forward from Kaufmann's with a few days. This consisted of two $15.00 portable phonographs with a number of records, among them "Let a Smile be Your Umbrella", "Since Henry's Made a Lady out of Lizzie", "Mother Machree", and some national and sacred anthems.

Then came the question of whether there should be a third consignment, of two $5.00 portable phonographs that would cheer the lonely boys in the wilderness of Nicaragua. However, our Mercer customer then decided to wait. She explained, "Please consider the order for the two $5.00 phonographs cancelled for the present, at least. The number of Marines in Nicaragua has been so greatly increased in the past few months that it is probable every available space on the transports is needed for food and necessities, so that I do not feel it is right to ask for further space at present." However, it seemed that the efforts of our customer to add happiness in the lives of these boys had been more than noticed. On July 31,

(*Continued on Page* 11)

"Ann Adams"

(*Continued from Page* 10)

she wrote us, "I fear that you will be sorry to see a letter from me, so greatly must your patience have been tried by the orders, counter orders and cancellations which I have recently sent. I have just had a letter from the Depot Quartermaster in Philadelphia that was so appreciative of our phonographs for the men in Nicaragua, that I am going to ask you to send the two $5.00 phonographs with selection of records, to be shipped in the same manner, I am sure that the trouble is justified when we consider the monotony of the life in those isolated posts."

On August 8, this consignment, too, had been completed and sent to the marines. To assure our Mercer friend, Ann Adams wrote her: "Please know that it has not been any sort of a bother to do all of this for you—I assure you it has been a real pleasure to do these things for you, thereby serving you and the marines, too. I imagine that they do have a pretty tough time and I can think of nothing that would give them as much enjoyment as a phonograph and some of the lively records. I have tried to make an interesting selection in every case and do hope the boys will like them."

So great was the enthusiasm and response of the boys over the entertainment provided for them, that just recently another letter came from our Mercer friend —"You will probably receive a call from some one of the Marine Corps Station desiring your assistance in selecting two packages of records to send to our friends in Nicaragua . . . It is possible that the men may want the pleasure of making selections themselves, but I thought that you, knowing of the other selections, would be able to help them greatly. I quote from my nephew's last letter: 'The records you sent with the victrola are certainly a great pleasure; the whole command plays and enjoys them. "Henry's Made a Lady Out of Lizzie" is a great hit, also "Mother Machree" and the one with the Hymns on it. Any kind at all are much enjoyed; jazz, marches, song hits, Hymns—anything'."

You may be interested in knowing that Major Harrison, a Pittsburgh Marine, did come in to select the two packages of records for the marines in Nacaragua. Are you not proud to share in such splendid service?

Reported by ETHEL FORBES, *of The Shopping Bureau*

Miss Marguerite Clark ("Ann Adams"), Mrs. Davis, Ruth Gibson, Helen Navotny, Marie Morasco, Helen Clark, Amelia Wilson, Jeannette Fleckenstein, Molly Parish, Magdalene Barries, Jean Lydon, Mary Handrahan, Katherine Kalb, Violet Schreck, Ruth Kuhns, Mary Boone, Ada Beck, Ethel Baird, Clara Dreistadt, Amanda Freyvogel, Ann Weber, Doris Charles, Clara Ammer, Helen Meiser, Violet McGowan

194 Attend Coaches' Dinner

Mr. Louis Schwartz, as chairman, opened a most interesting programme. In fact, it was an interesting and a unique occasion. The guests, some 194 fellow workers, were those people who have had the responsibility of coaching and training the new people who were added to our regular force for the holiday season. Mr. I. D. Wolf, Mr. O. M. Kaufmann, Mr. Heyman, Mr. Warner, Mr. Hotchkiss and Mr. Ruff made brief speeches, and the coaches gained from them a better idea of the responsibility of a coach's position. An attractive feature of the evening was a playlet written by Miss Martin and Miss Hincks, of the Training Department. The following took part: Mr. Anthony. Mr. Hare, Misses Skirball, Orr Braunersreuther, Richards, Felgendreher, Cuda, Ward, Henderson, Davis, Ehnat, Hincks, Mr. Thierry was "assistant stage manager." The cast and some of the "stage properites" are pictured below.

When Is A Sale Completed?

By M. F. Haley, *of Forbes St. Service Station*

When you salespeople in your respective departments sell any article, large or small, for cash, charge or C.O.D., you fill out the sales check, enter the address if the package is to be sent, and write the amount on your tally or index. You regard that as a sale complete. But is it? You saw the package boy collect the package, place it on chute, and as far as you could see that was the end of the transaction. If any one asked you, you would reply that certainly you had made the sale; of course that was a sale complete and finished and satisfactorily concluded. You felt a sense of pride and satisfaction in having supplied a customer with an article she had desired.

But is that sale completed? Not entirely. There's another and a very important step in the transaction! That's where the Delivery Department enters the story. At Forbes Street and North Side Service Stations a force of men are at work at all times to complete your sales.

First there are the men who see to it that the merchandise gets to the Delivery Department. These men at the Service Stations are on the job long after you salespeople have left for your homes in the evening. Then there are the men who route each and every package sold for delivery during the day.

Then next come the *sorters* and *sheet writers,* who record every package and get the bins ready for the drivers to work on the following morning.

And then comes the driver—the driver and his helpers. They are the ones who finally complete the sale. And until the driver or helper delivers the package into the hands of the customer, we cannot regard the sale as complete.

Many of you have read "The Message to Garcia". Well, Garcia just did what the drivers and helpers and special delivery boys in our store do every day. They cannot heed the weather. No obstacles can be heeded. The merchandise *must* be delivered to the customer, on time. Away into the night, they are at work completing your sales.

These boys of the Service Stations regard this work as part of the sale, and themselves as part of the institution that the public knows as "Kaufmann's". I believe many of the drivers are more closely associated in the customers' minds with the store than the salespeople are. The friendly, courteous and efficient driver who hands the customer an article she has long desired and finally purchased at our store, is a mighty welcome person!

So, speaking for the drivers, as one fellow worker to another, I'd like to ask you salespeople to think of the drivers and all the rest of the outfit at the Service Stations, every time you write out an address label. If you do that, I'm sure you will give a thought to writing plainly and putting all the necessary information on the label, so the driver can complete your sale without delay. It takes us all to make up the institution known as "Kaufmann's". Your good work and ours together will make us known for efficiency. But it takes co-operation to make satisfied customers.

Forbes Street Service Station Notes

Bowlers Organize

A Bowling League has been organized at the Forbes St. Service Station, and hold its weekly sessions on Wednesday evening at the Dispatch Alleys, on Fifth Avenue. Some interesting scores have been hung up.

It seems an age to us since the "cigars were passed around" out here. Makes us begin to worry about where the future mechanics are coming from, anyway.

Yes, we're all ready to execute the orders of old St. Nicholas. There's the boy that always insists that his orders be delivered on time! Well, we've left nothing undone in preparation for him. And we're ready for the bad weather that is apt to arrive simultaneously with St. Nicholas.

Ed Shear recently bought Hadley's Studebaker. Now lets see how long Ed enjoys single blessedness.

Christmas Neckties

Some may long for the soothing touch
Of lavender, cream, and mauve,
But the ties I wear must possess the glare
Of a red hot kitchen stove.
The books I read and the life I lead,
Are sensible, sane and mild.
I like calm hats and I don't wear spats
But I want my neckties wild.
Give me a wild tie, brother,
One with a cosmic urge,
A tie that will swear
And rip and tear
When it sees my old blue serge.
O, some will say that a gent's cravat
Should only be seen, not heard,
But I want a tie that will make men cry,
And render their vision blurred.
I yearn, I long, for a tie so strong
It will take two men to tie it.
If such there be, just show it to me,
Whatever the price, I'll buy it.
Give me a wild tie, brother,
One with a lot of sins.
A tie that will blaze
In a hectic gaze
Down where the vest begins.

Reprinted from TYPOGRAPHIC

An Efficient Salesperson at Kaufmanns Does Not Say:

"Something for you?"
"Do you wish attention?"
"What is it?"
He or she does say:
"Good morning!" or "Good Afternoon" and prefaces the salutation with a cheerful smile.
Or "Good morning, may I assist you?"
The efficient salesperson does not say:
"That is $25.00, did you wish to go that high?"
Indeed not! The price is never mentioned until the qualities and values are built up in a customer's mind. Price is often a secondary consideration when quality and style are pointed out to a customer.

On December 10th, THE PRESS had some famous ex-newsboys out selling paper for the benefit of the Orphans' Fund. There were judges and bankers and merchants and men of affairs generally, back at their old stands selling papers as they used to do. Among them was our Mr. J. M. Meyers, who took in $63 in two hours for the Oprhans' Fund.

A Good Letter

November 8, 1928

Kaufmann Department Store,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Attention Mr. Edgar Kaufmann

GENTLEMEN:

On the morning of November 7th your driver on delivery truck covering the Perrysville Route was courteous enough to remove my four year old boy from danger and advised us of his wandering out on the road.

As this carefulness is to be encouraged by drivers, will you personally thank him in my behalf.

Thanking you, I am,

Gratefully yours,

A. A. SCHOLZE

"The Busiest Corner"

These verses came to the editor's desk in the mail. Whether they were written by a fellow worker, too modest to sign his name, or by an outside customer and admirer, we do know.

Let us shop at the store on the corner,
Where the throngs of people go by;
The wise and the foolish, the good and the bad;
Even as you and I.
There are bargains galore on this corner,
Where the rich and the poor may shop.
There is courtesy back of each counter
From the basement clear up to the top.
This store of all stores, at the corner,
Is located at Smithfield and Fifth,
And extends north and south, east and west,
Along the two streets that are best.
When any do pass by this corner
In search of some better display,
They are sure to return before evening,
Convinced at the end of the day.
So let's stick to the store on the corner,
Where the service is always O.K.
Where your dollar buys always full value,
Whether earned by the week or the day.

Ed. Urshler, one of the best known sheiks at N. S. S. S., has joined the ranks of benedicts. Congratulations, Eddie!

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to our fellow worker, Mr. Dave McConnell upon the death of his wife.

Miss Sadie Peters of the Import Department was married Tuesday, November 6th, to Mr. Walter Weir of Hazelwood. A surprise kitchen shower was held in the office by the girls of the Statistical, Import and Planning Departments, at which time she was presented with a beautiful four piece Electric Percolator set from the above mentioned departments.

We extend our sympathy to Mr. John Lhota, of the eighth floor, upon the recent death of his father.

Another Party at N. S. S. S.

Right on the eve of their "heavy season", the boys of the North Side Service Station thought they'd celebrate with a good party. And they did! Some three hundred guests accepted the invitation to come over to the big warehouse and have a turkey dinner and a gay time afterwards with dancing and card playing.

The committee responsible for the success of this big undertaking consisted of. Miss Maloney and Messrs. Cummins, Lang, Spencer, Jahn, Swan, Guckert, Smith, Willis, Bottorf.

Particular credit belongs to the boys who decorated the "banquet hall." To take a big warehouse floor and clear it of its usual line-up of boxes, and then transform it into a regular banquet hall, gay with trimmings, draperies, decorative lamps, etc—means a combination of hard work and fine art. The committee who achieved this was made up of: Messers Lang, Carr, Russo, Marks and McClain.

The Story That Never Grows Old

The season of gift-giving in which we have all played a part these past few weeks, reminds us of the origin of Christmas, the festival of gifts and the gift-giving spirit. It is a beautiful story, and one that never grows old, as things that are truly beautiful never do. "There were in the same country shepherds watching their flocks. And, behold, an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round about them and there were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, "Fear not, for behold I bring unto you good tidings of great joy that shall be to all people." And the story goes on in its simple, beautiful way to tell of the birth of the Christ Child, and how the wise men and the shepherds met at the manger, each bringing gifts according to his station. It is said that the simple shepherds reasoned that the babe, born in a cattle shed, must be very poor, "We will fetch him a lamb," they probably said, for that was their all. No better and no more had they to give. And so, in wonder and in love they took their gifts. Even so, do we in memory of that great event, give love with our gifts on Christmas day.

Contributed by N. KOLLING, *of the Furniture Department.*

Open Season With Two Impressive Victories

Back Row—Edward Mansman, manager; Frank Packard, guard; Bill Miller, guard; John Murphy, center; Tom Folwy, center; Meyer Paris, center; Dave Miller, forward; Lefty Levinson, coach.

Front Row—Moe Rubenstein, forward; John Serbin, forward and captain; Wy Paris, guard. (Kurt Keibler, forward, is not in the picture)

Kaufmann's basketball team won its first two games of the season in the Commercial and Industrial League; defeating such strong contenders as Duquesne Light and the P. and L. E. five. Duquesne Light won the trophy in this league last year, so our victory over them is a most impressive one. Some of the best basketeers of the district are included in the Kaufmann quintet—stars from local colleges and veteran players from leading independent teams of other years making up the team. Edward Mansman of the Annex is manager of the team, while Dave (Lefty) Levenson serves as coach. It goes without saying that a team of this calibre should have the full support of all co-workers . . . and no better evidence of your support can be given than enthusiastic attendance at the remaining games of the team's schedule. The boys seem headed for the championship, so you'll be rooting for a winner 'most every game. Look at the games listed here and arrange to be present and cheer the team along . . . it's been some time since we had a winning basketball combination, so let's make the most of it.

Everybody Out for These Games!

Friday, January 11
Kaufmann's vs. Carnegie Steel

Friday, January 18
Kaufmann's vs. Peoples Savings & Trust

Friday, January 25
Kaufmann's vs. Reliance Life

Tuesday, January 29
Kaufmann's vs. Duquesne Light

Friday, February 8
Kaufmann's vs. P. & L. E.

"Is There A Santa Claus?"

The following letter, now becoming a classic in our Christmas literature, was written some years ago by the late Francis P. Church, Editorial writer on the New York Sun. It was in reply to a letter received by the Sun from one of its very young readers who wrote. "My little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Father says if the Sun says there is, it's true. Please tell me the truth."

DEAR VIRGINIA, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible to their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's are little. In this great universe of ours, man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole truth and knowledge. Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! How dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no child-like faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We would have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished. Not believe in Santa Claus? You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah! Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding! No Santa Claus? Thank God he lives, and he lives forever; a thousand years from now Virginia—nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood."